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Daily Democrat.

TERMS OF THE DAILY DEMOCRAT
TO THE COUNTRY.

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Notice to Mail Subscribers.

Subscribers are supplied with a notice of the date their subscription will expire ten days in advance of the time; and again with a second notice on the day the last copy paid for is sent. This will enable all persons to keep the run of their accounts, and to renew in time not to miss an issue of the paper.

Among the recent publications of diplomatic correspondence, we find Mr. Seward's letter to the Captain of the U. S. gunboat Wyoming, who, about a year since, being fired upon by Japanese batteries, made a daring and successful attack, silencing the forts and sinking several vessels. We do not propose to comment on the correspondence, reserving that for some future time, but merely to make it the occasion for a brief review of the different efforts made to open commercial relations with Japan.

The assault was made by the Japanese because of their strong opposition to allowing any intercourse with foreigners, it being against their fixed laws.

It is curious to remark that this exclusive policy was not adopted after Europeans had been allowed to enter into trade with them, the same rule being extended to China. Japan was first revealed to Europe by Marco Polo, towards the close of the thirteenth century, who, having passed into the service of Kublai Khan, the great Chinese Emperor, attempted an expedition against the island. A hundred and fifty years later, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was driven upon the Japanese coast. But it was not through the traveler or the trader that Portugal or Europe was first to gain a foothold and welcome on the inhospitable shores of Japan. That splendid society of priests and scholars who, under the sign of the cross, ruled thrones and academies, and penetrated alike the secret closet of the minister and the strict exclusiveness of the barbarian, here too pushing forward with the sustaining hope of elevating the order upon earth, and wearing the immortal crown hereafter, entered where gold had not yet paved the way for the merchant, nor the sword cut a smooth path for the speculator and philosopher. The Jesuits, under Francis Xavier, the "apostle of the Indies," who was himself a missionary to Japan, found welcome and hospitality among the simple, though ceremonious, Japanese. They visited the sick, aided the poor, preached to them in their own language, and from prince to peasant were welcomed and encouraged. It is true that the trader accompanied the missionary, but it was to the exertions of the former that Portugal was indebted for her prominent knowledge and success. It is useless to trace out the divisions arising from the introduction of the Franciscan and Dominican orders, the establishment of bishoprics, by which dissensions arose, until one of the bishops refusing to slight from his seat and bow to a passing nobleman, the latter hurried to the Emperor, and, urging the immutable nature of the Japanese laws, caused the expulsion of the Portuguese. What added to the exasperation was a letter intercepted by the Dutch, long since envious of the Portuguese trade, from a Japanese Christian to the King of Portugal, urging the overthrow of the empire.

What led to the establishment of the Dutch in Japan was the wrecking of a Dutch vessel, with an English pilot, William Adams, on the Japanese coast about the year 1600, who afterwards arose to great favor with the Japanese Emperor. By him the Dutch, who came to Japan in 1600, were favorably received. In 1611, through the same instrumentality, a treaty of commerce was made between England and Japan, which, after lingering in a small, unprofitable trade, was finally abandoned. By 1639 the Portuguese were all expelled from the country; and here the heaviest crime is charged upon the Dutch, that, being called upon, they united to destroy the Japanese Christians. They received no advantage from it, as they were soon exiled to an island near the coast, and forbidden to leave it, and all intercourse with the shore forbidden except in trade. They were, in fact, prisoners on their island, and treated with contempt and ignominy.

In 1673 the English made another effort to renew their commercial relations with Japan, but failed because Charles II. had married a Portuguese Princess. No other attempt was made until 1791, which failed, as did another in 1808, because of the restriction forbidding trade with them on pain of death by dismemberment.

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REURNED.—A large quantity of grain, consisting of corn and oats, which was last week sent to the Kanawha Valley from Cincinnati, for Government use, was returned on Tuesday, not having passed inspection. This will be a nice little speculation for the contractor, as the freight to and from, and the cost of handling and storing, will not amount to less than fifty cents on a bushel.

The age of "wooden walls" has passed. A vessel of the stoutest oak is not safer than if it had a pasteboard hull. [English Magazine.]

Just so! A pasteboard hull, with a deck of cards."

REURNED.—Eighty-six years ago, Voltaire died. He was an eminent metaphysician, chiefly distinguished for his respect to Christianity and for drinking seventy-eight cups of coffee in one day.

The President has recently pardoned twenty-seven of the Minnesota Indians, who were concerned in the great massacre and confined in the barracks at Rock Island.

A prominent Congressman says he would rather give his head than vote for a certain measure. Sharp fellow, that! and offers the least valuable thing about him for a vote.

We suggest to the Congressional Committee on Freedmen a bill to provide the wives of the emancipated slaves a new silk dress, pink slippers, and a love of a bonnet.

CULTIVATION OF COTTON IN FRANCE.—We translate the following paragraph from the *Moniteur des Brevets d'Invention*:

The trial of the culture of cotton has been made with veritable success in Camargue, in the lands of the Chateaux of Avignon, the most vast of the domains of the territory of Arles. Among the bolls of cotton gathered some have the long staple and others the short. The essay, made on a small scale and in the open air, has perfectly succeeded. At the end of November the plants were very covered with a great number of bolls which continued to ripen, though slowly. Those gathered in August, September and October were very well matured.

It will be remembered that the southern boundary of France is further north than the city of New York.

The editor of the Columbus Crisis was arrested by a *bon voleur*, who thought the best thing to keep in a dark cellar was a little old Medary.

The New York Herald calls an Administration meeting the gathering of the ghouls; as if such discounters could be got.

The best friends are made by opposing soldiers in the hot fire of battle, because then there is no coolness between them.

Can no one write a hymn to the Union?—[Ex.]

No; but some one might sing Uncle Psalms.

Dr. Franklin said there never was a good war or a bad peace; but that depends on how large the piece is.

Spring is the season for reforms, when every tree turns over a new leaf.

Is 1864 an American expedition, under Commodore Biddle, consisting of the 90-gun ship Columbus and the corvette Vin-

cennes, landed at Jeddo, and was surrounded by 400 boats, and to the application for commercial intercourse the only reply was, "No trade can be allowed with any foreign nation except Holland."

We can only close this account, intended very briefly to show the jealous exclusiveness of the Japanese government, by referring to the successful expedition sent under Commodore Perry, by which a complete and favorable treaty between our government and Japan was established. After which, treaties were made by Russia, England, and France. The late difficulties arose from a Prince or Governor of a district or state in the Japanese empire refusing to acknowledge the authority of the Emperor and break through the Japanese rule of exclusiveness.

It is wrong to suppose that this rule is not founded upon very good and sufficient reasons, as far as these oriental nations are concerned. The intelligent men of those empires feel that to bring their people into competition with the western nations will prove destructive to them. It is also another significant fact that the presence of a western party, no matter under what pretense, whether as missionaries or merchants, too often is made the occasion for outbreaks, and for selfish advantage they are willing to side with either party, and to provoke and aggravate rebellions. That is the history of the conflict between the eastern and western nations.

If it is considered a matter of surprise that, notwithstanding the bribes and advantages held out for five hundred years to the Japanese, no nation has succeeded in establishing permanent relations with them, the inflexible character of their laws of exclusiveness is to be considered, and the certain punishment of suicide by ripping open the entrails, which follows the violation of a law by any of the officials.

Let us, therefore, be charitable; for if a similar penalty had been exacted in our country for the last few years, it may be doubted if the laws would not have been better observed by our own officers, or to-day our country might present the singular spectacle of an administration not one member of which had any bows.

Gen. Seymour, who was captured by the rebels in the engagement of the Wilderness, is reported by the Richmond Examiner to have made the following speech at Charlottesville:

"Gen. Lee may possibly defeat Gen. Grant and the Federal army; but what of that? I trust that if he defeats him he may follow up his success by taking Washington and turning it to the ground. And let him not stop there; let him carry on and on. Then, at last, we shall have a united North, and shall begin to show you what you is!"

The Examiner angrily adds:

"The truth is, that he uttered words which were as bad as the 'Morte-d'Arthur,' 'The Age of Chivalry,' or 'Tennyson's Idyll.' They are pleasing pictures of life at his court, and present a phase of Queen Guinevere's character entirely overlooked by the authors of the above works.

Call the attention of your young lady readers specially to the following quotation. I think it well to remind them that there were times when the noblest and fairest did not disdain to give their personal attention to the details of cookery.

"When good King Arthur ruled—

"He ate a peacock's flesh,

"He ate three pecks of barley meal

"To make a big pudding."

"A big pudding the King did make,

"And stuffed it well with plums,

"And laced it well with fat."

"As big as my two thumbs."

"The King and Queen did eat thereof,

"And noblemen beside;

"And what they did not eat at night,

"The Queen next morning frit."

* * * * *

THE KING IN MAY.—Samuel Medary, editor of the Columbus Crisis, was arrested at Columbus this morning by a United States Marshal, and has been brought to this city.

The above announcement, coming to us by telegraph, startles, energizes, and arouses the people like the trumpet-call of Liberty!—[Syracuse (N. Y.) Courier.]

That's so! though it is a rather peculiar expression to say that arresting a man to imprison him is a "trumpet-call of Liberty."

* * * * *

RETURNED.—A large quantity of grain, consisting of corn and oats, which was last week sent to the Kanawha Valley from Cincinnati, for Government use, was returned on Tuesday, not having passed inspection. This will be a nice little speculation for the contractor, as the freight to and from, and the cost of handling and storing, will not amount to less than fifty cents on a bushel.

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[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

KISSING.

The pile-nic's all behind us, Kate;
"Will take them long to find us, Kate;
There's a world of bliss in a harmless kiss,
And no one near to mind us, Kate.

Her sweet face took a ruddier hue,
A hasty backward glance she threw;
She did not speak, but on her cheek
The crimson tint still richer grew.

Then mute she stood with downcast eyes,
As fair as nymph in maiden guise;
Just then some evil-disposed young devil
Wise possessed by some surprise,

And stole a kiss, before I could
Prevent the sauce-box, if I would;

"Why, Barry Brake, how could you take
Such liberties here in this wood?

"I'm quite too bad, besides, how queer
That we're alone together here;

Come, let us go—right well you know
I'd rather have the others near."

A glance gleamed from her bonny eye
That tempered well the curt reply;
With gentle haste, about her waist
My arm crept eagerly but shy.

"Don't, Barry, dear!" twist soft and clear
But how it thrilled my heart to hear—
"Oh, Barry, don't!" "No, Kate, I won't;"
Alas! but yet I did—I fear.

I kissed her hand, I kissed her brow,
I kissed her dewy mouth; and now
With "this for this," as kiss for kiss,
She paid with usury I trow.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

LINES TO A WILD DUCK.

A duck has been captured by Bryant—
A wild one, too.
Sweetly he hymned the creature blithe and buoyant
Cleaving the blue.

But whose says the duck through other dying,
Seen by the dark,
Equalled the hawk born me lying,
Tells a canard.

Done to a turn! The flesh a dark carnation,
The gray red.
Four slices from the breast; on such a nation
Ducks never fed!

Bryant, go to—
Traced on the lyric ghost duck,
Was worthy to be named with this fine roast duck,
Is all my eye [Exchange.]

—Gen. Lee's daughter is living near
Bermuda Hundred—visiting a relative.

—There was a fracas at a public house in
San Francisco lately, where a pistol was drawn
more potent than a pistol. The man who
attempted to use the "deadly weapon" had
his ears boxed and his body kicked down

stairs.

—Prof. Morse, the telegraph inventor,
had six orders of knighthood conferred
on him by the various sovereigns of Eu-
rope.

—A Chinaman was arrested in San
Francisco for striking a negro over the
head with an iron bar; he bent the bar but
not the skull.

—Punishment should never precede tri-
al.—[N. Y. Times.]

Then your friend Mr. Lincoln has com-
mitted more wrongs than you have columns
in your paper, Mr. Times; for he has pun-
ished hundreds of citizens not only before
trial, but who have never been tried at all.

—Josh Billings says that it is 5 dollars
fine in Cincinnati to strike a hog in an-
ger.

PATRIOTISM AND "LOYALTY."—Many hon-
est people are having their "brains bled" by
the current use of these terms. It
only contributes to their relief to be informed
that the one is an affection of the
heart, the other of the purse.—[Ex.]

—When Gen. Heckman arrived in Rich-
mond he was seized by the prison guards,
and his person searched for money and
valuables. He remonstrated with his bar-
barous captors at such treatment, when
they threatened him with incarceration in the
"black hole."

—PUNISHMENT SHOULD NEVER PRECEDE TRIAL.—[N. Y. Times.]

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PATRIOTISM AND "

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

How they made a fashionale lady of my aunt:

"They dressed her straight and tall,
Then laid her up and stayed her down.
To make her light and small,
They never combed her hair,
Nor scoured it up with pins;
Oh! never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins."

The best cough drops for young ladies—
Wear thick shoes, dress all over and stop

A hearse ran away in Cincinnati last week
and, horror upon horrors! in the hearse collied with a coal cart. It was broken to pieces, and the coffin, which was supposed to be in the hearse, was also dashed to pieces—in the imaginations of the distant observers.

Another draft is to take place in Cincinnati this week to fill up deficiencies from exemptions and sick-allowances. The conscripts complain that ten days' notice to run away in is hardly sufficient.

The Newburyport Herald proposes to change Byron's cynical lines:

"Seek rose in blossom, grain in chaff,
Believe not man or an epiph-

thus to suit the times:

"...in December, grain in chaff,
Believe a woman, or the—telegraph."

In Seascapes they give a man liable to do military duty so many days furlough for every recruit he brings in. One conscript went to work and procured enough men to entitle him to a furlough from General Lee for \$2,000.

The New York Herald says if we don't finish the war this summer, the war will finish us. "Exchange" is substantially what Gov. Boumph said in his last Circular Dispatch. It is, however, part of a question whether the war has not already finished us.—[Gia. Exquirer.]

President Lincoln has granted a full and unconditional pardon for Alfred Rider, who was convicted four years ago in the Southern district of New York, for mutiny, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment.

The publishers of the New York daily paper have arranged for the importation of large quantities of prints from the Far East, in order to break down the combination price fixed by the Eastern manufacturers. It can be imported, it is alleged, at fourteen cents per pound.

General Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, visited the Legislature of Connecticut last week, while stopping at New Haven for a day or two.

All the houses are taken at Newport, all the best rooms at the best houses at the watering-places also, for the summer. Flirtations and greenbacks will be unusually lively.

The Nova Scotians make a good thing out of the high premium on gold in the States, and consequently trade more than ever in Maine. They buy brick in Gardner at \$7 a thousand, which is only \$4 to them.

The best hotel uses Burnett's Flavoring Extracts. Sold everywhere.

When a debtor who had been confined five or six months in Richmond jail was told, last week, that his friends had paid his debts, and he was discharged, he refused to go; but when the jailor insisted that he must leave or pay his board, he sorrowfully took his departure.

The Spanish are thinking of cutting a maritime canal around the rock of Gibraltar, so as to supersede the use of the Straits, and the French are talking up the project. There are no great engineering difficulties to be encountered, and the cost is estimated at \$20,000,000.

A pettifogger is one who is in the habit of raising small fog—generally used for baffleing small legal questions.

Altogether the most spic, readable, entertaining and instructive of the English Quarterly, is the Westminster, republished by Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

Wool is now only half the price of cotton. The intelligent well-grounded who is able to hold will probably wait a little longer before selling.

Those miserable specimens of the canine race that keep up a constant *dynamical* controversy with their neighbors during the night are guilty of very bad manners, for which their masters should be held responsible in heavy fines. A dog-owner should break his dog of habitual night-barking or break his neck.

Col. Ham, the Indiana agent, has returned with recovered health, and is as busy as a water reliving the sick and wounded Indians there.

Joshua R. Giddings, with his abolitionism and other aims, was a believer in spiritualism. He is now probably wandering in some of the dark spheres."

The constable and deputy sheriffs of Fayette are on a strike."

Queen Victoria was forty-five years old Tuesday, having been born May 24, 1819.

Every newspaper editor in Cincinnati, living in a ward where the draft has taken place, has been drafted.

THE FEELING IN RICHMOND.—The following is from a paper called the Southern Churchman, published in Richmond, and which is the organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Confederate States:

We do not think care in the history of the war is to be had in the history of the estimated. And we do not care in the history of the war, and our enemies, to be regarded as a crime. Of course, all may be mistaken; but it does appear as if we had reached that point in the struggle when a great victory, on one side or the other, would bring about a general peace.

The bodies may be virtually drawn together—so much success granted to either side as that either will be able to accomplish anything great. This will only prolong the war; and, with the resources of the United States, the disunion of the South will continue.

Now, as far as either of those contingencies depend upon God. God may give the victory to either side, or to neither, just as He pleases. Let us not forget, just as He pleases.

COAL DUST IN FURN.—In the coal mines of Charleston, in Beggin, 500,000 tons of coal dust have accumulated, impeding the working of the mines, and M. Duhayen, Jr., coal and coke manufacturer, working on the coal dust. After having it pulverized and treated of all strange master, by machinery, this dust receives the form and dimension of best adapted for heating locomotives, by agglomerating the coal tar to ninety-two parts of coal dust. This in the form of 300 to 350 degrees, with superheated steam, becomes a paste, which is mechanically and powerfully pressed into cylindrical and spherical forms, which being dried or cooled, compact cylinders, about five inches diameter, and weighing eighteen pounds, or prismatic blocks of about twenty pounds, and spherical, These blocks are very easily stored, and their weight of the solid coal, and they burn without giving obstacle to the circulation of air through the grate. This new combustible is to be sold at the rate of six per cent. of the cost of coal, and its being actually cheaper than coal, Duhayen, Jr., and the other company managers now annually produce 255,000 tons of this agglomerate.

CUMPTON keeps a nine-pin alley, and once he has seen leaning up against the outside wall, it, weeping as though his heart would break.

"What's the matter?" inquired one of his friends who was passing.

"Matter enough," said "Cump," clean done over; my dear Charlie died. I'm mighty miserly in tables. Just as soon as that goes big enough to set up pins, they die!" and poor Cumpion sobbed.

A large whale was found floating about six miles west of Mystic, L. I., a day or two ago, by Captain R. Rose and Wm. Seaman. They hitched him to a line and fastened it to the beach. He is about forty feet long, and some bluster has been cut out of him. He had been killed by some of the whalers from Southampton, and had drifted away during the easterly storm.

THE LADIES' LEAP YEAR PRIVILEGE took its origin in the following manner: An ancient act of the British Parliament, passed during the year 1228, it was "ordnition that during ye reign of her maistie blissest Magdalene Margaret, like maiden lade, of bath high and low esant, shall haue liberty to spee ye man she liket. Gif he refuseth to spee ye man she liket, he shall be muled in the sum of an hundred pounds or less, as his estat may be, except and alwaies gif he compeynt it to spee ye man she liket, then he shall be fide to another woman, then he shall be free."

LOVE AND POTATOES.—Tom Moore compared love to a potato, "because it shoud not be unperfected of certain human heads, which are perfected of the sum of nothingness." Nevertheless, he had a temporary remembrance, and hedge exten-

gally, at this epoch of the world, in similar and still more unperfected chambers."

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LOVE, in a woman's heart, is the great dragon that is born of the little red eggs we call sparks.

THE NEW YORK SCHOOL TEACHERS' UNION, naughty boys by wiping their tongues with a wet towel on which castile soap has been rubbed.

A new German daily is to be started in Nashville by Carl B. Zander.

For the Louisville Sunday Democrat: HOW LONG, OH, LORD, HOW LONG?

How long, oh, Lord, how long?
The earth is drunk with blood,
Her dripping altar cry to God—
How long, oh, Lord, how long?

How long, oh, Lord, how long?
How long shall brother's hands be dyed
In crime or gore, a smoking tide
From brothers' hearts—how long?

How long, oh, Lord, how long?
How long shall striken mothers wail,
And widowed ones all wan and pale
Groan for their dead—how long?

How long, oh, Lord, how long?
How long shall whit' le'd locks, bowed low,
Make mate appear from depths of woe,
To thee—oh, Lord, how long?

How long, oh, Lord, how long?
How long shall winding-sheets of snow,
Or tangled fern where blossoms grow,
Enwrap our dead—how long?

How long, oh, Lord, how long?
How long shall greedy earth be filled
With gory streams from hearts distilled—
Brave hearts—oh, Lord, how long?

How long, oh, Lord, how long?
How long shall weary millions wait,
While grasping minions howl and pray
In Senate halls—how long?

How long, oh, Lord, how long?
How long shall justice drink our blood,
And unshedd' wreath from these, oh, God,
Be ours—how long, how long?

How long, oh, Lord, how long?
How long shall justice drink our blood,
Her dripping altar cry to God—
How long, oh, Lord, how long?

How long, oh, Lord, how long?
How long must flow the purple tide?
Oh, is not vengeance satisfied?
How long, oh, Lord, how long?

L. C. S*****.

(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.) A WELCOME FROM THEE.

To X. L. C.

Ohi sweet are the stars that in friendship's expense Gleam o'er the dark waters of life's troubled seas;

But sweeter by far is thy love-haunting glance,

And the rapture that thrills in a welcome from thee.

When the gloom of despair o'er my sad spirit dwells,

And, affrighted by fate, joy seemeth to flee,

The light of thy presence my sorrow dispels,

And hope smiles again in a welcome from thee.

When high beats the pulse, and the future seems bright,

And the breath with excitement heaves gladsome and free,

A clasp of thy hand fills the cup of delight,

And joy is complete in a welcome from thee.

When life's varied course shall have drawn near its close,

And the pleasures of earth shall be memory to me,

A fond recollection will gather up those That dwelt in a smile and a welcome from thee.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

TO X. L. C.

Together we sat in the open door—

The moonbeams danced upon the floor;

By their light you kissed me o'er and o'er.

Tell me, was it right?

The twinkling star, that I love so well,

Came out while the dew-dimmed gently fell;

But my thoughts were chain'd by a mystic spell,

And I forgot 'twas night.

And when my thoughts you could not divine, I was wondering if that soul of thine Yet needed the fire that that robe gave.

To make it still more pure.

Wast thou wholly free from the tempter's art,

Or the human still the stronger part,

And trials yet to endure?

Then my heart said no, it cannot be;

Because both sons are the best to me,

Possessing both the bloom of purity,

Of all have even more.

The moon looked down with a tender light.

Two floating clouds that were snowy white,

And the love in my heart was calm as the night.

While the starlight softly shone.

And tell me, now, dost thou love meless,

Because thy very I like,

And often for thy happiness

Lift my heart in humble prayer?

Then say that thou never didst that never.

I lay my head in the open door,

Where the moonlight streameth upon the door,

And give them again o'er and o'er.

The kiss I gave thee then.

ELLIOTTE.

BLOOMINGTON, KY.

MAIDEN'S PRAYER.—This is what Goode-chalk says of "The Maiden's Prayer," a piece of music that has had a very great sale:

"It is a little streak of lukewarm music, lightly tinctured with the Italian, of an insipid savor and an equivocal color, diluted and put up for the use of lymphatic and sentimental young misses. It is a testable song, which is sold everywhere, and sells better than any other.

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Daily Democrat.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

[From Chambers' Papers for the People.]

THE SPECULATOR:

A TALE OF MAMMON WORSHIP.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST SUNDAY.]

“Here is a song to the Secretary of the Southern Treasury, that only wants the name changed to be a very appropriate poem to Mr. Chase:

FIE, MENNIMBER!
So you have turned us out of door,
Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!
And we shall write for you no more
Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!
Ah! we are cold and froze,
So flinty hard's your heart's core!
You hardy brutes! You wretched bards!
Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

No more to you for Grace street trip,
Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

No more our shear the notes shall clip,

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

No more to you for the will drop

Upon your ugly sheets of scribbles
May Wigfall get on the hip!

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

What you have told us well we know,
Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

We may sit if we will go,

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

When such a crackin' row we have,
And such a rumpus upon the foot

We'll see you first in Jericho,

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

Who dredges but Yanks' raid?

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

We are so tight afraid,

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

Nor should we fly to pow'ry now,

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

Our Southern widow, wife or maid,

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

But we broad a famine here,

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

And make our own the chaff,

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

Although you have hamboozled some

We can't be caught by you again,

And we'll be back till Kingdom come,

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

We know that we must scrimp and screw,

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

And make our own the do;

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

Well upon one shoe—

Mennimber! Fie, Mennimber!

Then He sent an answer to my earnest prayin',

Time He keeps my darling free from earthly

statin';

Thus He holds the pet lamb safe from earthly

shrinin'.

But I miss her still by the window pane,

Till I look above it; then, with purr vision,

Say I won't be purr-pawed no more;

For I have angel pure and white, and sinless,

Walking with the harpers, by the sea of glass.

Two little snowy wings,

Softly flutter to and fro;

Two little closed eyes,

Looking out no more for me;

Two little hands,

Dimpled-tempered novernors;

Two little trodless shoes,

That walk on the floor.

Shoulder ribbon softly twisted,

Apron folded, clean and white;

That are left me and my baby;

Of the childish presence bright.

BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

Two little handys patting on the window,

Two laughing bright eyes looking out at me;

Two rosy cheeks dented with a dimple;

Mother bird is coming, baby, to me;

Down by the little-bush, something white and amry;

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